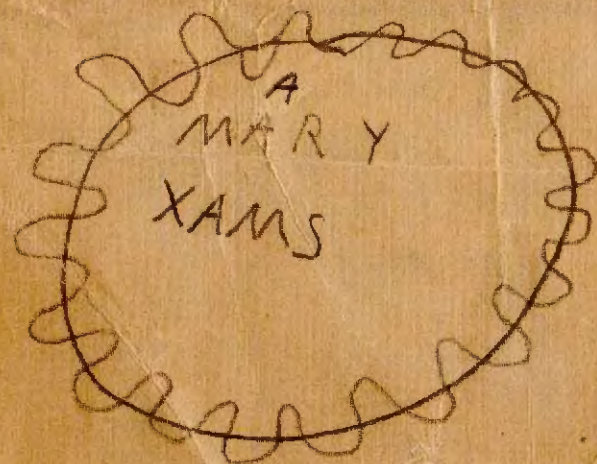


A

MARY
XMAS

CEROY. WOODS



The Village Blacksmith

Under the spreading chestnut tree
A village smith he stands. The smith
A mighty man is he, with large and
sinew hands. And the muscles of his
strong arms are strong as iron bands.
His hair is crisp and black and long.
His face is like the tan. His brow is
weld with honest sweat he learns
what he can. He looks the whole world
in the face for he once not any
man. With mallet and anvil
till night you can hear his bellows blow.
You can hear him sawing his heavy
sledges with measure cut and
slow. Like the slattern ringing
the village bell when the

evening sun is low. And the
children coming home from
school look in at the open
door.